

CHILDREN AND FORBID THEM NOT TO COME

PEACE ON EARTH CANADA GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

SUFFER LITTLE UNTO ME

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 14, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 253.

RONALD IN TROUBLE.

Two or three evenings after the talk under the sweet lime trees, just as the boys were rushing out, Ronald heard the teacher's voice, saying:

"Where is George? I never can find that fellow when I want him to go a message."

George was called the "handy man." He did a great number of odd chores. Poor George, one or other was always calling him; they sought him for all wants, and blamed him for all things that were left undone.

"He must be found," exclaimed Mr. Downs; "I want to send him for Doctor Jay: I must see the doctor to-night."

"Please, sir," said Ronald, "let me go: I will take great care of the letter; I know all my lessons for to-morrow, sir."

"But you will miss your game, and this evening, I hear, is to decide who is to be captain. You have a good chance."

"No, sir, I am not in the club; and, indeed, I would much rather go your message."

The master looked at him steadily. Ronald's bright blue eyes, as well as his mind, were so true and honest that he did not fear the master's gaze.

"Ronald, there is some reason besides the desire to oblige me that makes you wish to see Doctor Jay."

"There is, sir."

"Are you ill?"

"O no, sir, I am thankful to say I am never ill."

"Why, then, do you wish to see Doctor Jay?"

"Sir," replied the boy, "I have a reason, but I would much rather not tell it."

"Very well," said the master, "I can always trust you; so here is the letter, and now away."

And away he went.

It was quite twilight before the wheels of Doctor Jay's carriage told of his coming. Lamps were just lit in the schoolroom, and some of the boys were peeping through the glass of the windows anxious to know who was in the carriage.



"Who's to be dosed now?" said one.

"Why, there's Ronald inside with the doctor!"

"I wonder he did not go on the box."

"I should not like to be shut up with a doctor.

I wonder what's up?" exclaimed the young voices.

They were all in various states of "wonder," and remarked how polite Ronald was, holding his shoulder to Doctor Jay (whose skill did not prevent his having the gout now and then) so that the old man might descend with ease from his buggy.

I do not know what the master wanted with the doctor, but before he went the doctor said, "I wish

the next night, while Ronald carried the little fellow up to his bed, "I have been so happy! Do you know the doctor says my leg will come all right? But he wont tell me how; he felt it, and wrote on a bit of paper about it, and said he would come and see me so soon. We had a lovely apple-pie and custards, and a big dog, who wanted to carry me in his mouth, as if I was a stick or a stone. The doctor says he once saved a little boy from being drowned, and ever since he wants to carry every boy (I mean every little boy) he sees in his great mouth. If my leg was well I could ride him. The doctor's very

to see your little lame pupil, Philip."

"O, poor boy," said Mr. Downs, "it is a sad case; he is such a sweet, gentle little fellow, and a keen scholar, a very keen scholar! but his mother cannot afford to pay for the treatment you told us of six months ago, I think, was it not?"

"Yes, quite that; and I said that if the leg was not treated within twelve months he must be lame for life."

"Ah, very sad, doctor; I wish I could afford it, and I would pay the cost myself."

"Ah," said the doctor, "the longer I live the more I feel that we could all do a great deal more good than we do, if we kept watch and ward over the small things on which we waste our small sums—our own snuff and cigars, and the pence lavished by boys on 'sweets' and such like, all of which we should be better without, would, if well placed, save hundreds from starving: but I want to see my little friend."

Mr. Downs called for Philip; the doctor looked at his leg, asked him if he would like a drive on the hill, and ended by begging that he might spend the next day with him.

Philip was charmed; he hopped off to tell Ronald, and the master bade adieu to the doctor, in wonder at his sudden fancy for the lame boy.

"O, Ronald," said Philip